

Votes for the Contest

Dear Editor—I will try to tell you which one I think deserves the prize which will be very hard to do, and I guess there will be many that will vote otherwise than myself. I think the page was splendid, but I was very sad to hear some of the children didn't have any money as Virginia Bessonage, whom I am voting for. Your true member,
MCKENNEY, VA.

Dear Editor—I could hardly wait until the 25th to see the page. Sunday morning I was up early, and when mother came downstairs I was reading it, and I was very much pleased to see all the drawings and stories were very good. It is very hard to decide between so many that were good. The prize that I think deserves the medal was written by Miss Virginia Bessonage. I will close, with much love to all the members, your true member,
ELSIE H. RUDD.

My Dear Editor—I find it harder this time than ever to pick a winner. They all deserve a prize. The whole page of our "Mother Contest" is just fine. The stories are very, very interesting. Sister and I like it better than any contest we have ever had. I have decided to vote for Virginia Bessonage. I think her story of "Mother" is sweet and original, but was the best. I think all very, very good. We thought about you, and hope you have had a good time on your trip. This past week has been very hot down here. We shall be very anxious to know who won the big contest prize. All who took part certainly deserve a prize. I don't think I have two cruises, one Dreadnought, one torpedo boat, one submarine, and one merchant ship. I made them all myself. That is how I have spent all my spare time, and the best part is they all float just like "big" boats. Much love for you and good luck to all our members. Your true friend,
EDWARD SIMONS.

Dumbarton, Va.
P. S.—I certainly do thank you for my prize book, "Under Greene's Banner," and I have read it through, and am proud to have it among my other books.—E. S.

Dear Editor—I think Virginia Bessonage's story is best in the Mother Contest, but the page was so good I had a hard time deciding which was best. I have not written for a long time on account of being busy, but will start and write whenever I can. I have lost my pen and want to know will you send me another one. Your old member,
LAURA AVIS CUMMINGS.

My Dear Editor—I think we just had a splendid contest page this time; the latter always excels the former, which shows that the members try harder to do better each time. It is hard to decide which one deserves the special prize, but after looking over the page thoroughly I have come to the conclusion that the drawing by Rose Seta is the most deserving. Hoping you will enjoy your vacation in the mountains, I am, lovingly,
MARJORIE HOLMES WILLIAMS.

My Dear Editor—I read the page Sunday. I think it was fine, but I really do think that Rose Seta's drawing was the best. I am sending a drawing, which I hope may be printed. Thank you so much for printing my story Sunday. It is really cool today. It has been raining here for several days, and I do believe that it is going to rain again. I hope you will have a real nice time on your vacation. Your member,
ERMINIE SYDNOR.

My Dear Editor—I do really wish I knew why the article I sent in for the contest was not printed. I certainly sent it in plenty of time, and also wrote on the back of it "for the contest," as you said, and when we received the page Sunday and it was not in print I was disappointed, as I thought you always tried to print everything sent in for a contest, even if it took several Sundays to print them all, not that I had the least idea of winning a special prize, but that I had taken a good deal of pains with it, too, and now to think that it was all wasted, I worried me no little. For this is the first contest since I have had a member that I have not had something to say. Our contest was very good, but not as good as our last as many of our members joined this time as they did last. Now I have read all of the stories and looked at all of the drawings very carefully, and decided in favor of Rose Seta. I am enclosing a drawing with this letter. Hoping you will thoroughly enjoy your vacation, I am, your devoted member,
MARIE ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Dear Editor—I think Rose Seta's drawing for the contest was the best. Well, I won't take any more space this time. Your member,
MARGUERITE McLELLAN.

Dear Editor—What a nice page we had last week. I declare I don't know which is the best choice is between Mary Ella Howard and Alvin Hattorf. It has been raining the whole week, but I don't care. I have intended sending something for the contest, but when I thought of it, it was too late. Well, as my letter is growing longer than I intended, I'll close. Hoping you will spend a glorious vacation, I am, your member,
VIRGINIA F. POE.

Fort Mitchell, Va.
Dear Editor—I cast my vote for Miss Mary Ella Howard. Her poem certainly was a lovely one. Really this was the sweetest contest I ever read. Such lovely things were said and drawn in mother's favor. Yours with best wishes to the winner. Yours
NELL WALKER.

Bedford, Va.
Dear Editor—I can certainly echo your words when you say the mother contest is a success. All of the members, I am sure, did their best, and the page was splendid. I was dressed in its best Sunday suit. I cast my vote for Alvin Hattorf. His poem was fine. There was other splendid work. Miss Walker's for instance. I liked that little mother who thought too of her children. All of the contributions were good, but mine. It really was hard to decide who to vote for.

It has been pouring down rain for about four days up here, and I think look dreary. I went looking Sunday with a friend and found almost all caught in a shower. Chinchillas are ripe here. I think it is time to gather them, don't you? I hope you enjoyed your vacation, and am anxious to know who the prize winner will be.

Sincerely,
MARY ELLA HOWARD.

Dear Editor—I carefully examined your page—my page—my contest—and now write to say that I think Mary Ella Howard deserves the coveted prize. Her sweet poem was almost perfect in its swinging rhythm and rhyme. Nell Paxton Walker ran Mary Ella Howard's heading was splendid. I missed Harry Chadwick in my contest. You know, every drop of water makes the bowl fuller, every spark makes the fire brighter, every penny adds more to our bank, so every member should contribute to make our contest "bigger".
Lovingly yours,
VALERIE DE MILHAU.

Dear Editor—I hope you enjoyed your vacation. It is very hard when it comes to the question of opinion in selecting the best stories and poems in the mother contest, as all of them are very good, or at least very good many.

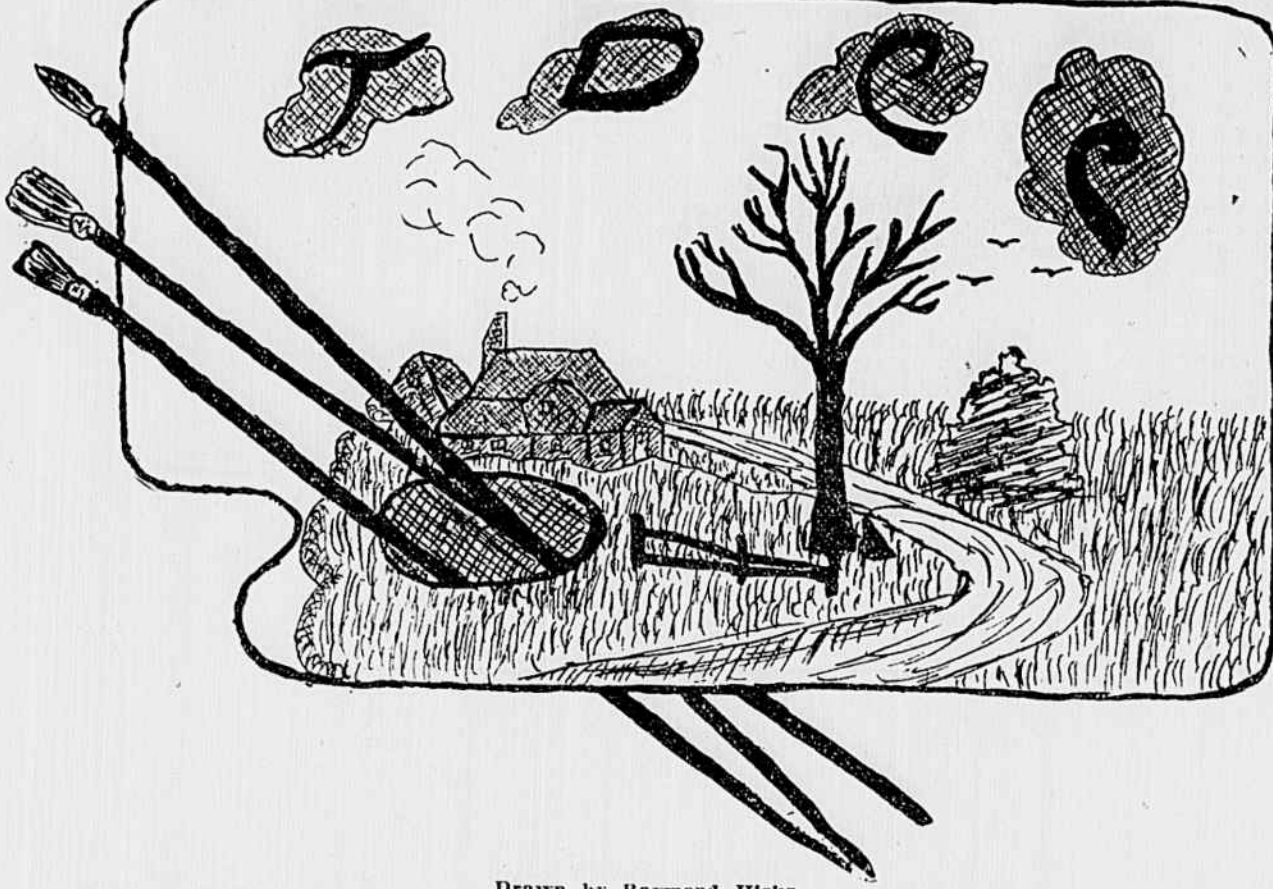
The best, I believe, is Mary Ella Howard's poem, next the story by Norman Paxton Walker, and for drawing the heading of Rose Seta.

I am very sorry not to contribute anything this week, as the story I am writing has not been finished yet.

Your member,
ALVIN HATTORF.

426 12 South Pine Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor—I guess you think it about time that I was writing, but I



Drawn by Raymond Hicks.

Editorial and Literary Department

intended writing sooner. I stayed in the country about two weeks and just wrote a letter while there. I think our contest was very good, but I had a hard time deciding which was the best. I concluded that I like the story entitled "The Valley of Shadow," Norman J. Wagner was the best.

I will close now, as I have some more letters to write.

With best wishes to you and all the members, I remain,
Your member,
SUSIE VANO.

P. S.—Am sending a drawing for the prize.

Dear Editor—I am sending in a puzzle which I hope to see in print. I think the contest was fine, and it is hard to decide which was the best. I vote for Valerie M. de Milhau for Mamie Jackson with the hope that she will win the prize. Her article was fine. I hope you will spend a very pleasant vacation in the mountains. I know they must be beautiful this time of the year.

MARY HARDIN.
3114 East Marshall Street.

Dear Editor—I took the page and read all the stories, poems and puzzles and looked at all the drawings, and I thought that Dorothy S. Bingham is the best.

I saw where I got the prize at, and I haven't gotten it yet. I would like you to put a puzzle in for me.

From your member,
MARGARET ELLEN POINDEXTER.

Fredericks Hall, Va., R. F. D. No. 2.
My Dear Editor—I think "Pier" Egypt at Once," drawn by Clyde Tipton, was the best, and I think Irene Robertson's poem "A Mother's Love" was the best. Hope you had a joyous vacation.

I remain your loving member,
CECELIA M. SINCLAIR.
Gladstone, Va.

Dear Editor—Just a few lines to let you hear from me. I think Valerie de Milhau really deserves to win the prize in the contest because she thought of it and to my opinion had one of the very best contributions. Well, so long.

From your old member,
SAMUEL GARTHRIGHT.

Dear Editor—As I am in a hurry I will only write a note to let you know whom I think deserves the prize. I vote for Valerie M. de Milhau, for I think hers is the best.

ALBERT DOYLE.
McKenney, Va.

Dear Editor—The page was fine last Sunday. I think Irene Robertson's drawing was the best. I am sending a drawing for the contest. Enclosed find drawing which I hope to see on Sunday's page. Brother is ill, but I have time to write much. I will close now with best of love to Editor and all the members.

Your member,
RUTH SAMMONS.

Dear Editor—I was so surprised to see my story in the paper. I think Josephine Keens's drawing is grand, and so was H. E. Chadwick's. Marie Williams's story was fine. I am sending a drawing, hope to see it in print. I will send a story next time.

LOUGHRAN.
THERESA VALENTINE.

Dear Editor—I am a little girl ten years of age, and I want to join your club, so will you please send me a badge. I went to spend the day with Mary Bethen the other day. She is a nice girl. I think she has some real good contributions, don't you think so? I think Marjorie H. Williams's contribution was the best in the contest. Your loving member (going to be),
JANET L. MILVAN.
Shipman, Va.

Dear Editor—Our "Mother Contest" is the best we have ever had. I think it has been very hard for me to decide on the best story, they all are so good. At last, though, I have picked "What a Mother is to Us," Marie Williams's. I think anything she writes has some splendid little story writers. There were also some fine drawings and poems. I wish I could vote for all of them. I hope you have been enjoying your vacation in the mountains. I know your friends will be delighted to have you with them. Lots of love for you and best wishes for all our members.

Your little friend,
HELEN C. SIMMONS.

Dumbarton, Va.

Dear Editor—About a month or six weeks ago I sent you a drawing which you never published. It was the best thing I had ever sent to the T. D. C. C. and I was very, very much disappointed that you did not print it. I don't see why, because I think it was drawn with India ink, the blackest ink made. I know, of course, that it is absolutely impossible for you to publish everything that is sent in, but I don't contribute often, and I naturally like to see my best work printed. The next time I send you anything, please let it be that drawing. You can't imagine how much trouble I took in doing it. I wish I could send it to you and find time to send something to the page every once in a while. I am in the high school. The page was good Sunday, better than I have been for some time. I'm afraid I am sending in my vote for the contest too late, but here it is. I think that Marie Williams should receive the prize Valerie de Milhau and Marjorie Williams both sent fine contributions. I must stop as I am afraid my letter exceeds the 100-word mark.

Your member,
MARGARET WHITE HARRIS.
Harrisonburg, Va.

It's Very Pretty.

Dear Editor—I am sending you another drawing. I guess you think I can do nothing but draw, but I am going to try and send a short story before long. The little scene I am sending in reminds me of many scenes which are found in the woods behind my home. Lovingly,
ELIZABETH EUBANK.

WINNERS OF THE CONTEST.

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I have the great pleasure to announce Virginia Bessonage and Rose Seta as the winners in the Mother Contest of August 25. Both had an even number of votes, as you will see by the letters of the members, and I did not think it would be fair to decide on either one or the other, so the page will give two prizes instead of one for the contest. I think all the members who got any vote at all should be pleased, for it was a grand contest, and the work sent is the best we've had for a long time. You don't know how proud your editor is of you, each one. Suppose we give Valerie de Milhau our vote of thanks for thinking of such a beautiful contest? What do you say?

And here are the prize winners for the two Sundays that your editor was absent, and very soon I shall announce the medalists. School has opened and I know just how hard it is to give up the fun of vacation days and settle down to books and spelling, but they are very happy days in summer. There are several interesting letters that will be published next Sunday.

YOUR EDITOR.

Prize Winners For September 5, 12, 26.

Maud Cooke, of 315 West Gate Street, city; Ernest Meles, no address given; Clara Venable, please send address.

Harry Eades, of Mineral, Va.; Lizzie Miller, no address given; Richard F. Butler, no address given.

Maria Beazley, no address given; Raymond Hicks, of 305 Louisiana Street; Elizabeth Lee Valentine, please send address.

COUNTRY LIFE.

If you live in the country you know about it, but there are people that don't know about the pleasure of living in the country.

As soon as school is out, oh! how happy the boys and girls are just to think that they won't have to go to school again until fall.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

Time passes so fast in the country, and how good they taste.

Soon there comes a letter from a friend that is coming to help eat the good apples. There are the cows, chickens, horses, sheep and ducks that you delight in feeding, and horseback riding and driving, and sometimes a pond or river near the house that you like to go bathing in.

WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS.

Get! it's awful when school starts! Just out for vacation, then back again is the way it seems. The first and second days are very tiresome, nothing to do. First you are sitting up then lying your head on the desk, whispering to one another, talk to the teacher or do everything you can to take away the time. Later on comes the time when you get the books and have to study. I do not mind that as much as I do just sitting there having nothing to do.

Soon as you get to school the children ask you where you have been and what you did do all summer. That's the time when you meet your old friends which you have not seen for a long time.

MARIA BEAZLEY.

WAITING STILL.

I.
She said goodbye to her lover;
She kissed him, loving and true;
She said, "Dear Jack, don't forget me,
For I never will forget you."

II.
Jack kissed her anxious brow,
And smiled her fears away;
"You'll forever live in my heart, dear,"
He said.

III.
Marguerite watched him trudge down the road,
His musket across his shoulder;
Said she, "God bless him—God bless the man
That's enlisted for a soldier!"

IV.
She waited all those long years for him;
Waiting, waiting for Jack;
Every day she watched the dusty road,
But the lover never came back.

V.
Her hair grew white and scanty,
Trembling, the hands of Marguerite,
Wrinkled, that high, noble forehead
That had once kissed so sweet.

VI.
At last, Marguerite peacefully rests
In the graveyard on the hill;
Those evil eyes are forever closed,
But the spirit is waiting still.

(Original.)
VALERIE DE MILHAU.

AN HONEST BOY.

Once Harry and Lucy were standing at the window waiting for the mail man. It was a cold day in December. They were expecting The Times-Dispatch, and were anxious to see the prize winners. Both were looking over the paper together and they saw where a prize was offered to the one who sent in the best drawing. Harry and Lucy decided to draw a horse and some little ones, while Harry decided to draw a horse. Lucy drew hers first and it was very nice. Harry tried his and couldn't get it to look nice, so he did not have patience to try it again. He said: "I will never get the prize drawing like that, so I will get some tracing paper and find a picture of a horse and draw it like that, and perhaps I will get the prize, for no one will ever know how I did it. Harry and Lucy both sent their drawing to the Children's Page in the morning. Lucy was anxious to hear from her drawing, but Harry didn't seem to care anything about it, as he had done such a dishonest act. His mother found the tracing paper, but did not say anything about it. They soon got a letter and Harry won the prize. He went to his room and began to cry. He went down stairs and told his mother and father what he had done, and that he was going to send the prize back and the editor could send it to the one who won it. He said: "I will always be honest with my club and every one."

Composed by
LAURA AVIS CUMMINGS.
Cash, Va.

LITTLE GLADYS.

Once there was a little girl who was very spoiled; she could have anything she wanted. One day while playing she saw one of her little friends riding on a bicycle; at once she wanted one. She ran in the house and asked her mother to let her have one, but her mother said: "Gladys, a bicycle is not good for you, for you know you have been sick nearly all of your life." But Gladys wanted one and kept begging her for it. Her mother knew that if she did not get it her child would have a sick spell. So she said, "This afternoon I will get you one. When the afternoon came her mother went with her and bought the bicycle. That night Gladys's mother was taken sick and died, then Gladys did not have everything she wanted. Her father married again and her step-mother did not let her have her way.

Composed by
LILLIAN FLUMMER.
Cash, Va.

Puzzle Department

ENIGMA.

My first is in brush, but not in comb;
My second is in shot, but not in bomb;
My third is in cinnamon, and also in mace;
My fourth is in hen, but not in peacocks;
My fifth is in horse, also in milk cow;
My sixth is in courtesy, but not in bow;
My seventh is in pen, but not in ink;
My eighth is in beaver, but not in milk;
My ninth is in cream, but not in milk;
My tenth is in serge, but not in silk;
My eleventh is in wealthy, but not in full club.

My whole is in an author you have heard of I am sure.
TGNATINS VADO.

A CHAERADE.

My first is in A, but not in see;
My second is in D, but not in he;
My third is in C, but not in dog;
My fourth is in C, but not in cat;
My whole is the name of a wonderful club.

JAMES WELFORD BARKER.

A WORD SQUARE.

1	2	3	4	5
1	2	3	4	5
1	2	3	4	5
1	2	3	4	5
1	2	3	4	5

1. Summit of a hill.
2. A wanderer.
3. To elude.
4. A portable covered chair.
5. To have a particular direction.
PRESTON HUBBARD.

WHAT NUMBER? DROP LETTER PUZZLE OF COUNTIES IN VIRGINIA.

1. D-nwld--.
2. Prince G--R--.
3. H-n-v-r.
4. W-sh-ngt-n.
5. L--.
6. H-nry.
7. F-n-c-r.
8. Prince-dward.
9. King and Q--n.
10. -s-l-f, W-gnt.
11. C-mpl-l.
12. Cr-g.
13. P-tr-ck.
14. N-n-n-d.
15. N-r-l-k.
All the letters dropped are vowels.
ARCHIE HAWKINS.

A CHAERADE.

My first is in tea, but not in me.
My second is in hen, but not in them.
My third is in ink, but not in bell.
My fourth is in cell, but not in bell.
My first is in cell, but not in bell.
My second is in cell, but not in bell.
My third is in cell, but not in bell.
My fourth is in cell, but not in bell.
My whole is something that I love.
MARIA BEAZLEY.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE OF FRUITS.

1. P-n-ppl.
2. P-r.
3. P-r-ch.
4. Ppl.
5. B-n-a.
6. r-ng.
7. P-l-m.
8. Ch-rr-y.
9. G-r-p.
10. p-r-c-ta.
11. H-c-b-rr-y.
12. H-c-b-rr-y.
13. R-s-p-rr-y.
14. S-r-w-rr-y.
15. D-w-rr-y.
By SAMUEL GARTHRIGHT.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

1. What county in Virginia is the name of a river?
2. What county in West Virginia is the name of a river?
3. What county in West Virginia is the name of something we burn?
4. What county in Virginia is the name of a boy?
JEAN C. DOYLE.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

1. What county in Kentucky is the name of a ribbon?
2. What county in Tennessee is the name of a man?
3. What county in Virginia is the name of a cigarette?
4. What county in Ohio is the name of a city in the District of Columbia?
WILL B. DOYLE.

THE PICNIC.

(Continued.)
We all stood around the fire, for it was cold up there, and some of the girls who had on low neck dresses began to get cold. Our teachers, who did not want any of us sick, sent two boys in a buggy down into the town to get us some wraps.
The corn was done, and it was raked out of the coals. No one knows how good corn is roasted this way unless they have eaten some. Part of the picnic was spent in spreading supper, but the two boys that had been sent for the wraps had not returned, so we waited. While we waited we fried bacon on the coals and on long sticks. Bacon fried this way is fine. The other two boys came, and we girls were glad, for it was cold, and our cloaks were welcome.

Supper was spread, and almost every good thing we had to eat. We were hungry, too, for our exercise and the crisp night air had sharpened our appetites, and we fell to things with zeal. Assembled in the glare of the bonfire, our picture was taken again. One knows how much a set of strong, robust, hungry girls and boys can eat, but I'm sure we broke the record. After supper we cleared up things and roasted marshmallows over the fire on sticks. These were fine, too. After this we all sat down on the grass to the accompaniment of a guitar and songs that echoed through the woods and were lost in the distance.

When we were all singing we gathered up our things and scattered this way and that, and started down the hill home. We went back a different way, going along the road, for it was too dark to find our way through the woods. The road was bordered on each side by a wood, but the beautiful full moon threw her light down through the leaves and showed us the way. The stars were shining, too, looking like diamonds.

Soon we struck the main road that led to town, and with song and laughter we entered about 10 o'clock, each admiring that he had had one of the best times of his life.

(A true story.)
MARY ELLA HOWARD.

Part II. of CARROLL, WHO SAVED THE PRINCESS.

There was an old well in the yard and Rose leaned over to see a fisher was any water in it. Just as she leaned over one of the little boys saw her and called out, "Look out princess, or you will fall in."

This excited Princess Rose and she lost her balance and fell in.

Carroll White, one of the little girls, got there just in time to catch her skirt and her foot. Soon one of the mothers came to see what was the matter. She and the children got the princess out. The King gave the children elegant presents and the mother thanked her for saving his child.

Composed by PAULINE CONNER.



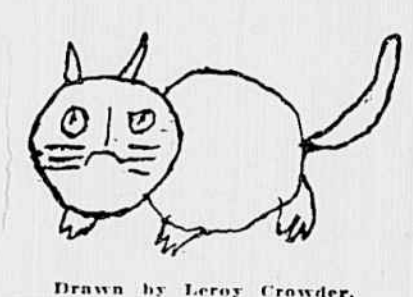
Drawn by Dorothy M. Smith.



Drawn by Edmund Blackard.



Drawn by Marie Elizabeth Williams.



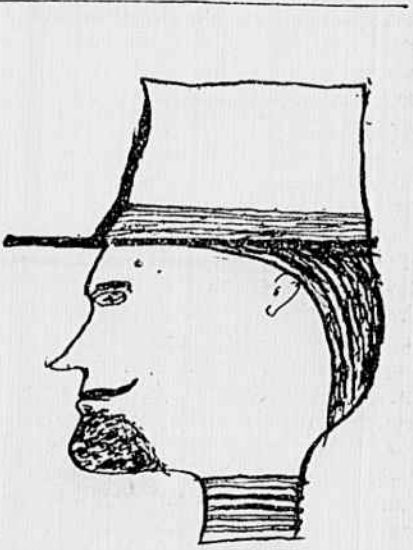
Drawn by Leroy Crowder.



Drawn by Mollie Blackard.



Drawn by Dorothy Vaughan.



Drawn by Andrew N. Ronch.



Drawn by Elaine F. Krupan.